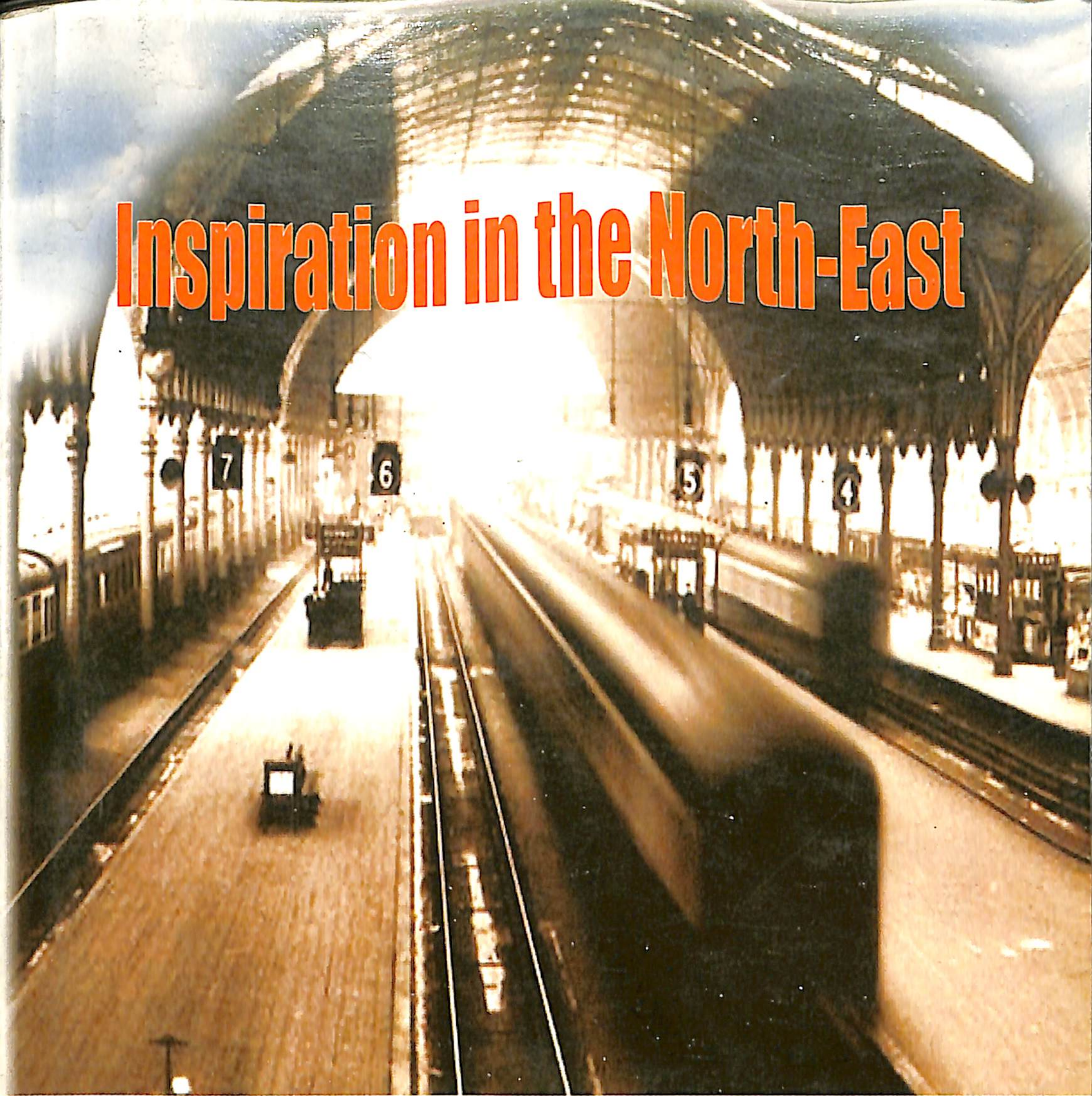


T N Dhar

INSPIRATION IN THE NORTH-EAST

Triloki Nath Dhar

MINERVA PRESS
NEW DELHI
MIAMI LONDON

INSPIRATION IN THE NORTH-EAST

ISBN 81 7662 219 2

First Published 2001 by
MINERVA PRESS
13 Palam Marg
Vasant Vihar
New Delhi - 110057

Printed & bound in India
for Minerva Press (India) Pvt. Ltd.

INSPIRATION IN THE NORTH-EAST

To
Shanker Dev
Patron Saint and Philosopher of Assam

About the Author

Triloki Nath Dhar was born in Kashmir State, India, on 6 July 1930, the son of Sham Lal Dhar and Arandati Dhar, both now deceased. He graduated in science from Punjab in 1948 and received a degree in Indology from Sharda Peeth Research Centre, Srinagar, as approved by Dr Tuci of Rome. In the past, he was a journalist and a theological preacher through religious organizations. For one, he gave lectures on the Bhagwat Geeta (Bhagavad-Gita) through the auspices of the Vedic Bhavan during 1972 to 1974. Mr Dhar is an author of short romances, tales, and collections of essays, as well; a theory of cosmological physics which he had included in a 'romantic fiction' novel which was apparently confirmed fourteen years later by a US space satellite's discovery of a particularly massive cloud of gas and dust. It was a possible indication that the expanding universe might eventually reverse toward collapse. He was formerly a member of several author's organizations. Mr Dhar's various public service efforts have included service from 1946 to 1948 as secretary of the Students' Federation and in the Volunteer Corps; he was general secretary of the Bhokhatkeshwar Bhairov Nath Trust in Srinagar from 1972 through 1976, and general secretary of the All-India Saraswat Cultural Organisation from 1972 through 1981. He had declined some awards offered, for personal reasons. His published works include *Theory of Creativity* (1961), *Tale of a Soviet Biologist* (1961), *A Bunch of Short Romances* (1963), *Origin of Saraswat Aryans* (1976), *Rupa Bhawani (Life, Teachings and Philosophy)* (1977), *Concept of 'I'* (1982), *The Cascades* (1983), a collection of poems. *The Holy Virgin* (an epic fragment).

Preface

I stayed in the state of Assam from 15 November 1987 to 28 February 1988.

Assam is situated in the north-eastern corner of India. The land area of the state is about 203,389 sq. km. The evergreen tropical forests of the state, languid beautiful landscapes, aroma of its forests and tea gardens and simplicity of the tribal life exercised a charm on me and enabled me to compose the poems contained in this volume within a short span of two months. Though a Kashmiri living in the northern-most part of India I didn't feel an alien amongst the Assamese. It is a mystery how the spell of all pervading Indian-ness is discernible in every part of India.

It is very difficult to judge one's poems. However, I feel that it is more difficult to write a free modern verse than a verse according to classical rules of rhyme and metre. A free modern verse must not appear as a mere colourful prose pattern but as a living entity, palpitating with poetic pulse and possessing organic unity like the physical body.

During my brief sojourn in Assam with my son B B Dhar, IFS, I fell in love with its people, landscapes, hills, forests, and rivers. I am, therefore, dedicating this volume to Shanker Dev, patron saint and philosopher of Assam.

I am thankful to Dr Rajender Dhar, my son, for revising the manuscript and suggesting improvements here and there.

Triloki Nath Dhar

Contents

Delhi to Guwahati

Before reservation and till I reached
The Station I couldn't know the coach and
The seat number in the compartment.
Could I divine where should my seat be?
Could I divine where my seat could be allotted?
The will was mine to reach the destination.
Whether I would reach the destination I couldn't say.
I had neither seen the destination,
Nor most of the places through which the train would pass.
The will to move to the place of destination was mine.
The money to buy the tickets was earned by me;
But the coach in which I would travel I could not say;
The seat number on which I would travel
I could not guess.

Some other minds were working
To allot me the seat. I have never
Seen the persons who became instrumental
In allotting me the seat. If I could
See these persons, but could I see their minds!
How many minds worked in succession
For carving a chink for me.

The train
Is moving. No one questions the existence of the train.
Nor, when the train came into existence.
Travelling becomes busy; six people in our compartment;
One old man with spectacles; one gentleman
Bound for Guwahati.

Many passengers
Unknown to one another are familiarly talking;
Sardarji is sitting with a strained countenance;
Catch napping and fly; behead and wound; so busy.
Novelist creates his own world, talking and acting
Himself in all the characters in a variety of ways, and
Recording and narrating like an omniscient god.
What a foolishness and how fanciful!
Actually, in the novel we see the novelist in
Different garbs and not the real characters.
Can I see the thoughts of all the passengers
In this coach; what that old man is gazing and thinking
With wide nostrils, thick-framed glasses, and
Fleshy wrinkled face. What does he think?
Ask the foolish novelist to describe and narrate his thoughts.

It is dark. The shutters
Closed. We don't see the places through which
The train is moving. Our compartment is
Part of the train. I don't see the passengers
Travelling in other compartments.
How they are moving, I don't see. Their
Faces I don't see.

The Bengali buxom
Woman lay supine on the sleeper.
Her dreamy eyes and constant gaze!
Compartment packed full. Passengers
Asleep askew, in a file;
Horrible unavoidable congestion! Why overcrowding
When the compartment is meant only for reservations?
Lack of efficiency and honesty in the
Railway Administration. Everything
Helter-skelter in the coach, passageway crowded;
Perhaps same situation prevails in other coaches;

The train is moving.

Gabriel and Kali
Conspire to invert mirrors, topsy-turvily
Vision frames and building mansions on
Drifting smoke along shimmering rippling lake.
Rippling, roguing, rigging,
Jingling, jacking, jilting
Through flapping paths over dust of dens;
Fluttery focus along crypts and crests;
Palpitating throbs of weightless jaunts over magician's
haunts.
Chai Chai, Sai Sai ------

A bundle below my seat; another
Bundle below that man's seat. Ticket Checker
Enquires about the ownership. Unshaven man
Comes and hands over a twenty rupees note and
Sneaks away; and Sardarji is hobnobbing
With another Sardarji. Sardarji had said
That he was bound for Guwahati, but strange,
He alighted at Dharbhanga giving his seat
To another Sardarji.

The train moves on.
I cannot alight. I have to reach the
Destination, and how can I know
Why the Sikh bound for Guwahati went down
At Dharbanga and gave his seat to another Sikh.
Can I ask the substitute why that Sardarji
Went down at Dharbanga instead of Guwahati.
But he may lie; I cannot force him to speak
The truth. He can speak the truth, or,
Out of what he says I can work out the truth, but
That will have no validity.

I cannot verify the truth!
The train is fast running and
The Sikh who alighted at Dharbanga
Is fast receding; I cannot know why
The Sikh with pink turban left the train.
Can I not know why the pink-turbaned Sikh
Lied that he was bound for Guwahati.
Why did he lie? Can I know the truth?
I saw him disappear. The train
Is moving on. I can alight and follow
The pink-turbaned Sikh. But
I cannot come down; and the
Railway Policemen come and enquire about
The bundle lying under my seat.
The same unshaven man comes and
Hands over twenty rupees.

We reach
Patna and people rush into our coach.
Extreme inconvenience and suffocation.
Water in privies exhausted. And
The train moves on!

The old man
And the young man quarrel. I have reservation
For my seat. Nonsense: What is there
If we sit for two hours; and old man
Blurts out: Railway Administration is
All muck and corrupt and inefficient.
Coach is reserved, yet there is suffocation!
Overcrowding and suffocation and bribery!

Well, population explosion,
Death, destruction, cut-threat competition in
The Earth Coach hurtling in space

Maybe due to inefficient and corrupt
Administration of God. All the same
The train is moving and I don't know.
Three policemen come and ask for the owner
Of the three bundles, one of which is lying
Below my seat. The unshaven man with
Pointed nose comes and hands over
A ten rupee note; The Sikh who boarded at Darbhanga
Is closely watching.

Morning; that Bengali Woman
Lying supine has drunken and
Captivating eyes. I move away my eyes;
She also moves away hers—care a damn.

The old man
Pushed off his reserved seat:
Railway Administration all corrupt!

In the overpopulated
World where half of mankind is living
Below poverty line; where there is chaos, confusion,
Killing, arson, rape, murder, war;
Where deserving men, able men,
Are pushed to the wall; where
Evil genius holds sway;
Perhaps, faulty and imperfect administration of God;
But there is Railway Administration;
I see the Railway officers and employees;
I have seen the Railway Minister, but
I have not seen God or God's administration
Whose inefficacy or inefficiency is at the root of
Evil and murderous chaos and
Overpopulation in the world.

There maybe God's administration.
There may not be God's administration.
If there is no God's administration then,
In the Globe Coach hurtling in space,
Whose inefficacy and inefficiency is
Responsible for chaos, killings, deprivations and
Heartless exploitation. Perhaps,
Men living in extreme poverty, and
Tossed from one misery into another
Had not got their seats and sleeping berths
Reserved in advance before coming into this world.

The old man
On the reserved seat is bullied by
that young man who entered the coach at Patna.
Perhaps, on the Globe Coach,
Bullying and tyrannical men are hellish
Who have somehow slipped into Globe out of Hell
Without having made pre-reservations
For seats and berths, and
Grab everything by bullying others.

On the top sleepers facing
Each other two young men: O my beloved
It is true I am poor, but
I will give you place in my heart; I will
Everyday cut my flesh and feed you with it.
I will always remain at your bidding,
Treating myself as dust of your feet. I
Will build a small hut for you, and
I will always keep it so fascinatingly decorated that
You will forget mansions and bungalows.
I will feed you handsomely by reducing my meals to half.
I will dress you gorgeously, myself going in rags.
And when your eyebrows show any sign of anger,

I will fall at your feet. If you ask me
To leave my Mother I will do it–only
Come to me. I will not hesitate to die at your feet.
I swear;

And I don't believe in Prophets;
I can't tolerate blasphemy.

Well, you have
All at once forgotten your beloved; you must be
As inconstant in love as in your faith;

I don't believe
In prophets because every prophet says to believe
Him and in him alone. This has led to
Wars, conflicts, destruction and chaos.

But Marx also says
To believe him and in him *alone*.

I say he is also a
Doomed fellow!

Well, looking through the
Window we get a view of the outer world in which
Our coach moves. A peep, a thought, a pleasure,
Nothing more!

From the Earth Coach hurtling in space
Mankind may peep through some window
Into outer space, but it is nothing more than
A glance, a peep, a thought, a shadow, a guess,
A pleasure, a wonder, and nothing more!

That Sikh who left at Dharbanga,
His substitute, tall and mysterious. Well,

Sardarji, the Sikh who was sitting at your seat
Before you said that he was bound for Guwahati, but
He alighted at Dharbanga. Who said that he was
Bound for Guwahati, and I don't know
If anybody left at Dharbanga.
One boy comes to sweep the floor; and
After sweeping the floors he moves, begging
And receiving five or ten paise coins; singing and
Doing *behu* dance. Why are you sweeping the floor?
My father was beating me mercilessly and
One day I left and fled away;
Tender child in grimy rags, and
Coarse and dirty little limbs,
Politely talking for winning kindness.
And the blind beggar came singing:
We are for few days in the world, and
When we leave this world forever
We will be wrapped in only two yards of white shroud.
Therefore, do good; help me, kind men, I am blind.
For God's sake, help me.

Is God pleased
If we give a coin to a beggar or the handicapped?
Why is the man handicapped? Is it
Fault of God, or fault of man? If
Fault of God, why should other men pay for it?
If fault of man, which man? But
The blind beggar is pathetically invoking pity
And receiving money from each compartment.
On reaching the destination we shall alight from the coach
But from the Earth Coach we can't alight bodily?

Jostling, jagging, jittering;
Forgetful chirping of starlings. With a big dash
To cay of creation. That Bengali woman

Pushes down into bed; and across
Baffling attraction and the burning candle;
Steel Horse in full swing and
Beating ground ruthlessly and
Dashing forward with iron strides.

In this
Fast moving coach I don't know
Why things happen. Itinerant traders enter
With Chinese pens, combs, shampoos, torches;
Cut-pieces, watches, calculators, make-up articles.
Man with spectacles is haggling.
He purchases many things at half of the declared price.
Are you purchasing all these articles for yourself?
No, these are meant for others;
I will sell them at double price, though
Some of them may be spurious.
But if you don't want to deceive yourself,
Why deceive others?
This is the way of the world. Laughing!
Can a blind man lead a blind man?
But a man with light in his eyes
Can also go astray if
He does not know the right path;
This train will lead me to my destination because
It is moving on the right track.
A man may call others to follow him though
He may not know the right path;
He may be under some illusion or deception, and
Those who follow him may finish up with their master.
And if that man who is under the spell of
Brown sugar is so diabolically serene and hilarious
How can I convince him that he is under an illusion?
And, a Railway policeman comes into the coach
There is wonderful music from somewhere.

The policeman comes and lays hand on
A cardboard box lying sideways in the passage.
Nobody turns up, Policeman is shouting and furious.
A young man appears and claims ownership.

Nearing Guwahati;
Colossal and mighty *Brahmaputra*
Helplessly flowing with awe-inspiring majesty!

A Poem on a Computer

Charming and wonderful are
Computer paintings and graphics.
Computer music can become a reality
But the question is: Whether data
Fed into a computer can create a poem?

Poem is a living entity, palpitating
With life rhythm, charm and
Has its own distinct individuality!

Like a man or a woman a poem
Can be inspiring, alluring, magical,
Or, sneaky, mean, poor, or charming
And grand, or sometime, breathtakingly
Beautiful!

Function of a Poet

Cultivation of an effective expression
Is the most important function of poetry;
The poet should not only strive
For effective and evocative expression but
Also enable us to understand life
In its entirety, without any bias.

The poet should help us in clearing the general
Mess of feelings; make us aware of our
Foibles; expose our weaknesses;
Like a mathematician pose
Problems which take us nearer
To the truth; also, not

Only strengthen knack of resolution
But also sharpen our intellect and
Aesthetic faculty; widen
Our interest to know how to
Decide between right and
Wrong; help increase

Our imaginative faculty and
Perspicacity; make us face and bear
The hardships of life; invoke
Mankind to be one family,
Living in harmony.

State poets of today in
Symposia say that vast
Matter of history stands like

Ruins; all that man strived for
Is nothing. Straining words for effective
Rhetoric they sing a gloomy dirge; and

When they come to the self,
Or individual,
Through the inherent magical
Quality of words, they create
Either forlorn feeling or pleasingly
Inane mists and myths.

These poets are proteges
Of the politician
In power and wag for favour
Of every type, and live a life
Luxurious and comfortable; they are
Like greedy actors, rolling in wealth but

On the screen play national
Heroes, universal
Saints, true lovers, forlorn beggars,
But in actuality they
Are what they are, living in mansions and
Enjoying the greatest pleasures of life

And holding black money
In foreign banks.

God Pleased With Earth

For a successful man,
Gloating in wealth and clan,
All is spick and span;
Joyful and buoyant,
Bright and jubilant;
Everything is well,
Therefore let us revel;
And frolic in jest and joy;
From hour to hour toy
With fools ever spoiling mirth,
Not knowing God is pleased with Earth!

Magician

——The panorama of life
is a woven magic;
the magician not
showing up himself, but
only throwing up surprises
with every outfit and situation, and
all glued to marvels of sequences
under spells of hypnosis——

Sun

SUN,
The centre of energy that creates and supports life.
Every ray throbs with intelligence;
All sentience proceeds from Him and converges on Him.
He is never eclipsed, the cone of shadow never reaches
Him.
Ever mysterious, exhaling infinite energy, but in a
Single inhalation breathing in again more energy from
unlocalized source.
The Creator, the Destroyer, palpitating with pulses of
supreme intelligence.

ORB
From which infinite souls burst forth as if from a
Bursting shell, and are urged to pass
Through cycles of birth and rebirth.

INVISIBLE CRYPTO-QUANTUMS
Proceeding from the ORB trail like snakes
Along light rays, and
Pulsing through mazes never miss the target;
Inducing in each being cycles of waking, dreaming, and
Undifferentiating trance shadows.

MASTERMIND
Roping with time Reminiscence and Memory,
Reason and Emotion, Existence and Non-existence;
Symbolism of letters and numbers, and
Filling psyche pools sometimes equally, sometimes

unequally, and
Hooking past, present and future into
Attitudes of consciousness.

UNITARY INCOMPREHENSIBLE EYE
Whose gaze pierces in each soul, and
In which every being is reflected;
Playing the magic of inversion and reversion, and
Creating the illusion of internal and external, and
Micro and Macro.

OBEISANCE TO THEE

Drunken

Never before, never after;
Only hush-hush laughter.
Currents coming from hidden source
With an immeasurable force.

Adorn the idol in the way
It is pleasing and she is gay;
When she seems most beautiful then
Best to take her into a glen.

When coaxing and caressing do
Not move her heart, then let her go.
She is an inanimate doll
Or, you may say she is a gall.

Altercation

Don't you imagine how far away
We are from home in this bay?
It is a strange feeling!

Yes, when one has the means and the money,
One can reach anywhere though he may be stony.
Oh, no: one can reach anywhere if there is WILL only,
But I don't know what I say.

Oh, no: it may be true with regard to the race,
But not with regard to an individual's case.
It only creates fright and panic if
We are exhorted in a tiff
To attain a kingdom about which
We have been told by a bitch,
But about which we know nothing.

How can we reach the Sun
Though we may have the *will* to run.
How can we reach the farthest planet though
We may have the *will* to bear the woe.
True, we can break the space shell
Up to a certain limit only, I tell;
We are doomed creatures of the Earth.

Are you feeling well?
Do you require anything?
Do you require any medicine?

The greatest wonder is how man on Earth

Can through his intelligence and worth
Compute, imagine and work out the structure
And form of the universe, and the future,
The laws of the heavenly bodies, and the atom,
And the invisible behaviour of the quantum.
What does it show?

Oh yes;
The mind of man encompasses in itself
Every secret of Nature and existence!

The Only Religion

Why are good men born?
Why are devils born?
Why are maniacs born?
Why are master-liars born?

Why men are bent upon creating chaos,
Either to safeguard nationality or
To bolster up the whims of their hero, or
For exacting obeisance to God
(Whether He requires it or not).

Cliches and jargon: Human dignity,
Internecine wars due to conflicting ideologies;
Capitalist exploitation, communist regimentation.
Children and adolescents lured to the war front;
Communal holocausts; racial discords,
Famines and hunger.

The only religion that will redeem humanity is
Practicable compassion for all life, and
Respect for the general welfare of the entire humanity.

Rover's Ravings

I

Creations proceed from doubles;
Values are bursting like bubbles;
The proud philosopher mumbles.

Like the hawk circling in the blues
Of thought for swooping on the clues
Which like the prey of many hues

Eludes sight and grasp; and sometime
The inquiry said to be prime
Fails in the middle without rhyme.

A traveller beset in a
Horrible desert wind may
Through resolute will see the day,

When the violent wind abates,
Though he cannot reckon the dates;
May finally perish in the straits.

II

For what purpose the creator
Created man and matter;
Making Man to err and fluster?

But God never created the cosmos
In the Ptolemy's fashion and ethos.

Was it six or six odd days that
God willed heaven and earth and sat
To bless seventh day for eclat?

Genesis mentions no authority
For confirmation and veracity?

'Creator, Propeller, Destroyer,
I am,' records the narrator
In the Geeta about God, the maker.

For *leela* created this universe,
But all meanings of *leela* tend perverse.

The whole burden of worshiping
Him falls on Man for His having
Created all we are seeing.

Why should the burden of worship fall
On man, repeatedly pushed to the wall?

Yes,
The absolute, unlocalized, infinitely powerful
Supreme Being, source of all intelligence
Created for the joy of invoking
Worship, wonder, and search!

Whose view it is?

A View

A man who can't control
His querulous and impetuous partner
Compensates his inferiority
By being harsh to others.

If
Such a persons happens
To be a boss he will exact
Obedience by being harsh to others.

Yoga

Seated on mastered yogic posture;
Gaze fixed between two eyebrows;
Inner being subjected to
True and total surrender;
Thought glowing with love and humility.
Practising yoga this way steadfastly,
The aspirant may be blessed with
The vision of Reality!

Tethered

When wages remain fixed for a stretch of years;
When needs grow unbearably bringing forth cares;
When prices rise steeply over spiralling stairs;
When a man is tethered to bring up his growing family
With income that staggers;
What can he feel;
How can he sing;
What logic can make him
Forget his misery?

A Mother's Feeling

In the way when I saw
My beautiful son drive
His car, not as a raw
But as deft, and can't survive

The joy in my heart; and
He appeared not as an adult
But a small kid and bland,
Which he once was; and strut

Towards me after driving
His toy vehicle with dash
And gusto; I smiling,
Forgot his being brash

Towards those who think him
Near and dear and did pray
That his vim may never dim,
And his joy may never sway.

Brave Christa

That the finest citizen is a teacher,
And so the first citizen passenger
In the American spacecraft should be
A teacher, declared President Reagon with glee.

Out of thousands of applicants, valiant
And beautiful Christa was selected, ebullient,
The most lovable teacher of Concord High School,
Loved most by her students always, and during Yule.

The spacecraft Challenger was launched on Monday
With Christa and others on board, all gay.
But after three days' journey the spacecraft
Exploded, and all on Earth were distraught;

Beautiful and brave Christa was no more,
And all her admirers were sad and sore.
But Christa's philosophy is valuable:
'To get as much out of life as possible!'

Potency of the Word

There is only one God because
If there were many Gods there would be
Fight and clash of commands.
But there are many worlds, and
Each world may be having its own God.

There are many prophets and masters,
And their followers have been clashing and
Warring with one another and
Spilling rivers of blood.
Had these prophets been receiving instructions from
One God there would be no crusades!
Isn't each prophet receiving instructions from
His own God which leads to clash and conflict?

If we say that people misunderstood, or
Did not understand, or,
Lost the sacred book,
It only creates doubt in the potency and the
Efficacy of the Word.
Word of God cannot be misunderstood,
Or, lost and will never lead to
Terrible religious conflict
That is raging in the world.

If God exhorts the believers to
Take up the sword for His Word,
Why shouldn't the Word itself be so
Efficacious as to calm down all conflict,
And lead to peace and universal brotherhood.

We may take up the sword for
The word of man, but
For the Word of God,
There should be no necessity for the sword.
Otherwise, there is no difference between
The word of man, and
The Word of God.

Doodling

Little Muni
Selecting any colour and
Painting
Doodling
Drawing two haphazard circles.

With two small circles inside; crying
"Daddy, ah ha"
She made an
Irregular figure within a figure crying,

"Daddy, wee wee!"
With
A green pencil impetuously drew three
Irregular figures, and then
She began

Observing the tip of the pencil!

Discarding
Green, took up vermillion, and
Enclosed
A bulged area crying:

'Daddy, Elephant'
Do
Odd
Ling.

Seaside Cafe

Reborn
In that terrific café,
Safe on the seaside,
Wide enough for brawling,
Quarrelling weapons dealers,
Wheelers and technocrats,
Prats slithering on chairs,
Swayers, shading laser beams,
Gleams, scattering pop music,
Cubic in aesthetic sensation.

Infested
By technocrats puffing,
Pipes and cigarettes with legs stretched,
Flushed faces with the glowing flares of champagne;
Gloating with thought; and that one in the corner
Feeling the globe in his distended belly.
The mathematician raking cube theory of Quantum
Numbers.

The white cat in the southeast corner
Swooning with ecstatic smells, lost
In the world of black and white shadows.

Mysteries
Of matter and energy;
John Getchner piloting the laser ship
Across the sea of electrons along a
Strange curve of cube equation.
A dash around strange isle

Infested by whales. The world of
Sight and Sound merging into the
World of curves bumping with thought.

The purpose
Of creation has no meaning!
Never think of the past, and
Future does not exist.

Butterfly

Flying flowers
Fluttering and flapping!

Flying in sharp curves or sideways, merrily,
Onwards through the invisible air.

Dappled wings with patterns designed by the Innocent
Artist.

Alighting
On soft-petalled innocent flowers
Of varied colours,
Cajoling them with love-whispers for
Kisses and nectar-sucks.

So much sport,
So much frolic,
Endless Romances,
A life worth living!

Kingdom of God Recedes

Thrust of the battle shifts
Under stress and damned rifts.
The skills play the due role;
Notwithstanding heavy toll.

Victory wavers, and
Often sides evil band.

People go on killing
Meaninglessly,
Indiscriminately!

War wages for eons, and to what end,
One is at a loss to understand.
And every spell of peace, present or past,
A ferment for another holocaust.

Who can stop it?
Who can prevent it?

For them war is a sacred religious duty,
Even for fighting amongst themselves dauntlessly?

Kingdom of God recedes with the passing
Of every century!

Effort

When
We are moving on the path,
Never paying heed to the tired limbs,
Moving onwards towards the place
We want to reach.

If
The legs ache, and the head
Begins to reel, but
The will to reach gets hardened,
The pain becomes worth enduring.

But
When the crux appears easy, and
Midway through the trek your legs fail to support you,
And your heart is haunted by faintness,
Unexpectedly, a liveryman comes, and
Offers you a horse in return for a fare.

If
You have no fare, but you are
Burning with the desire to reach the destination.
At this instance you may begin to feel
Helplessness of existence.
What is the use to feel?
But if you feel unmoved you have won
The journey, whether you reach the destination or not.
Should you feel indebted to the horseman
If he offers you a horse without fare for
Completing the journey? But

By this time the Sun may be
Setting, and the path along which
You are going may be getting
Infested by hideous prowlers,
What can relieve your heart-breaking agony
For not being able to reach the destination
On the appointed day,
At the appointed hour.

There
Is a great joy in the story,
How the Ganges came into existence!
Effort
Spread over generations did not go waste but
Brought forth great current of
Sacred, life-giving water to turn
Deserted wastes and sands
Into teeming and fertile lands.

Count and Account

And when the sweeper sweeps the floor
The conscious will to sweep the ground
Keeps the broom moving, but
Who keeps the count of dust particles that are
Swept over the floor, or float in air, and
The insects that find themselves
Trapped, scotched or killed?
Is there any plane where there is count and account
Of every particle, or,
Maybe nothing is swept, and nobody sweeps, or,
The sweeper, the broom, are also dust particles
Moving under gusts of some invisible wind?
And *who* perpetuates that invisible wind,
And *who* perpetuates my thinking?

Existence may be a spark generated by friction!

Language and Literature

How can you appreciate the greatness
Of a poet who, treating words as live
Objects for five senses and objects
For mental constructs, creates magical yet
Real possibilities for perfecting the language
And the art of communication,
Raising the genius and aesthetic
Comprehension of the race to the
Highest pitch, and thus contributing
Maximum to the progress of civilization;
And literary achievements of societies
Preceded scientific and technological
Advancements. For, without perfected language
And literature neither spiritual nor material
Advancement could be a
Reality.

Condemned Cell

When your honour is sullied,
When disgrace is heaped on you,
By those whom
You have fed, taught and raised,
It is a tragedy too deep for tears.
Living in the company of these persons
Is like being interned
In a condemned cell.

Chatter-Crackers

Mintoo, Monu, Fictu, Roamy, Wittu, that is
Jackal, squirrel, serpent, goat, and heifer
Talking, talking, and every utterance
Was a fire-cracker bursting into peals of laughter
And counter-laughter, giggles and cheers.

Each animal retained identity in the
Image of Man; they dispersed like children leaving
Smoke and empty coverings of chatter-crackers.

Tantalizing

It is a repulsive experience,
To recount your toils and privations and struggles,
While helping other people at your own cost,
Before a person who had an easy going, and
Is enamoured of external
Glamour and show!
He objects, jests, and feels
You are a funny low person.

The irony of life is so tantalizing!

Irony

Everybody is hidden from every other body!
A man loving his chaste wife in the most
Ardent manner, and the wife feels that
Her husband is most devoted. But
The husband, in his heart, has enshrined
Another beauty for whom he is craving day and night.

What an irony?

Happy Birthday to You

Happy birthday to you;
It is not that you lose one year
But how you will move
From run to run next year
With a pack of achievements to gear.

Like a skilful batsman,
Be wary in every partnership;
And respecting spins never be wan
To avoid being caught, and never flip,
And never use bat as a whip.

Be an excellent batsman,
A joy for onlookers and fans;
And with every year's run, if you can,
Earn hilarious applause from swans.

Happy birthday to you,
Till you achieve the century!

(For Babloo on his Birthday, 1988)

Prisoner

Same centre within two different spheres
Without deflation, inflation or layers.
Two centres within the same sphere
Conjuring up magic of
Illusion, Time, Death, Hunger,
Death's Night, Hatred, Sleep, Greed.

A prisoner,
Imprisoned at the centre,
Never actually knowing
Where the centre lies or
Which sphere he watched first, and
Which sphere he watched last.

Vedagni's Utterance

With all my senses alert I declare:
There is the Supreme Being.
No one has the authority to come
Near Him.

And if

Anybody tells you anything
About Him it is his own version.

And you may follow your own
Master's version.

Success of a creed is no test
For its veracity.

Venny Putty

Intelligence
And urge for order within man
Drags Cosmos out of Chaos.

Yes

Venny Putty, making no difference
Between his daughter and his wife,

Suddenly

Goes out with the speed of
A chimpanzee; runs up the steps
Of a skyscraper; jumps

On to the other side;

Clambers up the chest of the
Imperial Bank;

Smashes the cashier;
Runs away with rupees fifty lakhs;

Vows he will
Never steal again!

Rushes to Binny's house;

Binny, the beloved
Whom he always

Wished to smash
Sexually;

Smashes her father; runs away
With Biny

In a limousine;
While driving sits betwixt

The thighs of Binny,
The beloved whom
He wished to smash
Sexually!

Throws her away while
Negotiating the bend;
Binny's father is running after him
With a pencil pistol to shoot him.

Venny Putty straight
Dashes to kill
Binny's parents, and
Her brother;

There is traffic jam, but
Venny Putty manages to take the
Limousine gliding up above
The jammed vehicles.

He dashes
Towards the wild wood,
The place best suited
For enjoying his beloved.

The wild wood!
Discards limousine. Drags Binny and

Dashes her against his breast;
Throws himself down cleaving his beloved;

The bundles of currency notes
Roll down the slope
To be lost for ever
In the gorge!

Venny Putty throws away his beloved, and

Runs down with mad speed
To recover the currency notes;

Binny's father arrives from
Behind; biffs Venny who
Is catapulted into space and

Thrust into his
Shabby domestic bed!

Green and White House

Here are beautiful flowers: asters, gloxinias,
Hibiscus; marvellous colours to amuse,
And variety of trees stretching far off;
Evergreen forest perching on the distant hill.

Early morning the red disc of the Sun,
Eastward across the meandering rill,
Gradually comes out, so gloriously red;
And the disc is pure gold in a few minutes;
It changes to dazzling white after sometime.

Here in this house, painted
White and green, it is so fascinating to sit, and
Watch the trees, and behind them the
Disc of the Sun, changing from
Red to Gold and then to White.

Under this house there may be
Hibernating cobras in deep stupor,
Coiled like a kinked rope,
Comfortable under Nature's spell.
You may, in a flash, get a glimpse
Of the hibernating snake. It may be
Hibernating snake in your own mind.

I cannot understand why the Sun's disc
Changes from red to gold and then to dazzling white.

The rats neither build nor need
A *house* to live in. If a *yogi* lives

Like a rat he will not retain equipoise
If he happens to see the cat.

Red is all danger, gory; gold is wealth which has
Deluded and polluted the world, and
Dazzling white is all glory in which
Red and gold merge to disappear. So should
Communist and capitalist countries, one day,
Merge to become all dazzling white.

I do evil which I would not. Now
If I do that which I would not, it is
No more I that did it, but the sin that
Dwelt in me. Yes, that is all correct, but
'I' without consciousness is a nonentity.
Consciousness and 'I' are co-centric.
Consciousness and 'I' are
One and the same thing. Therefore,
Sin is part of 'I' because consciousness is
Inherent in 'I', and
Without consciousness we can't perceive sin.
This is the fundamental doctrinal error
To separate sin from 'I'. This
Error has led to contradictions between
Ideology and action, and
Early apostles didn't make much headway
In spreading Christianity through persuasion
And non-violence on the concept of treating
Sin separate from 'I'. Christianity
Won the field only by taking up arms.
In any case, if Sin is to be eradicated
The Sinner needs to be annihilated.

II

If marching towards your destination along
A road you outgo the mark where
You had to turn right, and you proceed
Onwards along the road which appears
Interminable, and while moving along
This road you are passing through a wild
Forest with tribal settlements interspersed
Here and there; and if you
Find nobody from whom you could enquire, and
Receive a reply in your own language, or,
If the road ends on the trunk road
You may feel perturbed, which perturbation
Blunts the faculty for enjoying the beauty of
The wonderful forest with fascinating
Variety of trees, bushes, brakes, creepers,
Charming pathways and waterholes, and
Small lakes fringed by evergreens, and
Sun-flooded gorges and dells, and
Shining green foliage, and titmice and
Other birds chirruping in the bushes. If
You have only legs to carry you, and
There is no money in your pocket,
But the fascination is such that
You cann't stop going along this
Interminable road; however, a point
May reach when you become tired, and
After some time you find that

The road makes a fork, and
Surveying ahead you find that
The road farther ahead breaks into
Three branches. What?
Whether to retrace or to proceed further?

Maybe, if you proceed further
You may confront
A horde of wild elephants, or
A tiger. If you decide to retrace,
While returning you find added pleasure
In enjoying the forest because
Now you are sure where the road takes you.
And when you reach the point
Where you made the error of
Proceeding further and not turning towards the right,
You feel surprised at the error which
You committed unconsciously.
You may be late for the place
Where you had to reach but
At the back of the mind
There is joy of having enjoyed
A portion of the enchanting forest.

III

Right action is that action in which
Self is not involved, and
Wrong action is that action in which
Self is involved. Then
What is Sin and what is Virtue?
In one society it is no sin
For the husband to beat his wife, if
Beating is applied for correcting her.
It is, however, difficult to know
When a wife is in error
Which would justify beating by husband.

A woman may not like her husband
Beating children frequently, and

If she objects, husband may resort
To beating her without compunction.

If my creed doesn't harm
You anyway why should you harbour malice
Towards me?

If you thrust your
Creed on me at gun-point, stating
That your creed has the sanction
Of God behind it, then
What can I do?

I may entreat you
To allow me to keep my creed with
The promise that I will *never* harm your creed but
You insist that I
Must accept your creed or die.

When I fix my eyes on
An object the image is a mere
Smear on the retina of my eye. How,
In darkness imprisoned in solidity, the
Smear is translated into vision with all the

Sensation of form, beauty and colour
Is the topmost wonder.

And it is the
Topmost wonder how impulses generated
In the auditory nerve are translated
Into sound with all the implications of
Meaning, form, discord or concord.

Maybe all this and everything
Exist in ME (unlocalized self) but the

Invincible
Incontrovertible
Inscrutable
Indefinable

Power on which my existence
Rests has hypnotically made an explosion within ME
Scattering, so it appears, everything outwards,
Earth with all its bustle and beauty,
Sun and stars and infinite space, and
The force of explosion is such
That I can hardly recover, draw in, and
See.

IV

Last year's roses were lost last year,
And this year's roses bear resemblance
To last year's roses because
The rose bush has not died.
During winter it lost its foliage
But didn't die.

The language is
Like a marvellous rose bush in your garden
Bearing roses from year to year, and
With every year the colour, patterns and perfume
Are more bewitching and maturer.

And when
He was lost in the desert there were
No footsteps to guide him. Nothing
Could save him except that he
Should manage to walk as long as
He could.

He did not lose courage
And managed to live on
Scanty provision, and sometimes
On strange desert insects at places.
And after six months he could see
Far off a human settlement, and
When he reached near they
Came forward to greet him; led him
To a spacious enclosure; washed
His feet; massaged his legs; and
Entertained him with the best
Of meat and drink.

He forgot all
The tribulations of the great walk
Across the desert and how
He was deserted by his own
Kith and kin. The unknown people
Proved his nearest relatives, but
It was a welcome coincidence that
His language and
The language of these people
Was same, and therefore,
There was spontaneity

In the love that welled up
In the heart of these people
While welcoming the stranger.

If
You reach the same place wherefrom
You started, can you say that
Every end is a new beginning?

The greatest gift of the Creator
Is language. It binds the

People with unbreakable bonds of
Affection and trust.

The words are
Like beads in a rosary
With the sequence that spells
A masterpiece of enthralling
Eloquence or rhetoric or composition
Which may conjure up serene moments
Of thought and unravel immortal truths.

The nature of thread
That makes the rosary of words
Can hardly be defined.

Sometimes you can
Use words as warp and woof for
Weaving the magic carpet of *Arabian Nights*
That transports you into
Elysian gardens of bliss and beauty or
Pits of Dantian Hell.

Trika's Utterance

The voice proclaimed:
Nobody has authority
To come before Parmashiva!

How THEY reached
I fail to understand!
About Your existence
I have no doubt, but
Can't make out
What can describe You.

A kind glance will be the greatest favour!

The Kingdom of Man

Evil has engulfed us
Beyond tolerable proportions!

The problem is to work for
The just kingdom of man, as
The Kingdom of God is receding.

Adam and Eve

Over the wild mountainous slope
She led me down up to the ice-cold stream
Flowing silent below a cope
Cavernous, frigid, awful, and agleam,
Formed out of a huge mass of frozen snow.

A cold breeze was blowing across, and
She undressed to take a bath.

Ah! The Wonder;
A vast mass of indescribable rose-coloured wine,
Her thighs, buttocks, breasts;
Strange titillating stir
Between the thighs and crests,
Setting ecstasy afire.

Shock of the sight was unimaginable,
Never thought of, never experienced!

Plunge deep
Into this vast mass of rose-red wine
Of transcendent joy.

I lost wit and control, and
My whole frame trembled,
My teeth chattered.

Dazed
I returned to the tent, and
Fell unconscious in my bed.

When
I regained I wondered how Adam, and
Eve, in nudity retained composure
In the original Heaven, and were
Not ashamed.

Ramblings

And the child picked up apples counting
One, two, three—couldn't count further but
Went on counting apples till again he couldn't
Count further and then sat up motionless,
Half-asleep but still counting—flowers,
Faces, pond, fish, camel in the desert,
Kangaroo and a plunge into forgetfulness.

While the child was asleep
His mother counted his toys, one, two, three,
Four, five. And the father neither knew
What the child was doing, nor what
His mother was doing.

Neither the asleep child nor his mother
Nor his father knew that their hearts
Were beating. And the mother fell asleep,
And the father fell asleep. And in
The morning they awoke. And child
Was all smiles and lisping.
The mother, buoyant with joy,
Fondled the child lost in the continuity
Of sound—

A plunge into oneness around.
Men of the old world and Men of the new world;
We sitting in our homes, listening to music;
Weaving web of words and chatters;
No one knowing all that the other knows;
Who knows what the other never knows?

Ever at the mercy of unpredictable winds
Moving over the seas of sights, sounds
And touches.

And when the war broke out we could
Not know how much we walked;
How much we slept; how much we suffered;
How many bullets were fired; how many
Bullets were fired upon us.

How the universe, entering through eyes
Flashes bright in the closed cranium vault.
Who lighted the Sun to give us heat and light?
When was the Sun lighted?
If the Sun was lighted in time, it will expend in time.
When the Sun began to give light;
When the Sun will stop to give light;
Neither I know, nor you know, nor he knows.
Neither I know how much is Day;
Nor you know how much is Night.

And Christ made five loaves to satisfy
Five thousand and twelve basketfuls
Of fragments were collected.

And Christ made seven loaves to satiate
The hunger of four thousand and seven
Baskets of fragments were collected.

Christ created matter out of matter!
And can a man simply by willing
Light a flame over the wick
Of a candle?

Pasteur healed millions but cannot be
Equated with Christ!

Faraday chased darkness out of human settlements
But cannot be
Equated with Christ!

Sati and Woman

Why should a woman burn herself
With her dead husband on the pyre, if
Husband cannot burn himself
With his dead wife on the pyre?

Why purity and chastity is prescribed
Only for woman?
And why should a woman lapse into
The misery of Indian widowhood
On the death of her husband?

If it is enjoined in Veda that
Womanhood is crowned by Sati
It cannot be word of God but
Only an interpolation.

Why more suffering for woman when
She has the additional burden of
Bearing and bringing up children!

That woman has to be obedient because
Man spends on her out of his income
Is an outdated concept. Even if a
Woman does not seek gainful employment
Out of home she contributes equally or more
In managing home and bringing up children.

Free will in man raises
Illusions and taboos which
Make him worse than animals!

The Same Person

Once you told me that
You will never separate from me,
Not even after death.

Now you are branding me as
Disgraceful, uncouth, ill-mannered;
Showering every curse on me, saying
That you would see me
Despatched away, whatever the cost.

You are the same person.
How this change came about in you,
I cannot understand?

Errors

From the smoulders rises up the smoke
Conjuring up the birth of the crows,
The great legion of scavengers
Scattered all over the globe.

Errors are the mines that spell disasters
On the highway of free inquiry.
Errors preached with religious sanctity
Are more horrible than nuclear bombs
Spelling death, destruction and disaster,
Conflagration with chaotic cracks,
Forest fires and counterblasts.

God sitting on a throne over firmament,
A vault without wrinkles is ruling over
Flat Earth held in position by the nails
Of mountains.

And if a man draws God's vision
According to Ptolemy's model of the universe
Can I believe in His heaven?

Drinking the wine of his own brewery
He remained stupefied and chasing
Spiders and genies with spidery limbs.

Under the sea there are no smokes
And varied forms of life appear as
Multicoloured specks and spots.
I am frightened at my own dispensation

And do not know where to dive
For discovering the centre.

I am pausing on the Shore!

I am here, can I know
What is happening in the sun?

I am here, can I know
What is happening in the distant star?

If my eyes cannot see beyond
What right have I to live!

If my disembodied spirit
Is as limited in vision as
My being in physical body
What is the use of existence?

My own helplessness makes me to
Believe in God.

Can I exhort people in the name of God,
And those people who don't believe in God?
And should I ask people to believe in God.

Can I rectify my error?

Whirlpool

From the invisible Crater
Unimaginable spurts are issuing forth.

Whirling mess of mesmerism!
Frog gulping the fly,
Snake swallowing the frog;

Man glutting beasts and birds;
Man gulping the man.

Does free choice make man great?

We are all in a whirlpool, and
Nothing can stop mutual destruction.
Let us cooperate to retain poise.

Pantheism

Self is the same but
We divide it into
So many compartments:
Mind, intellect, ego, and
Soul above all.

This is the pantheistic way of
Expressing the individual self, but
This way nothing is added to or
Subtracted from the self.

Likewise, Hindu pantheistic way
Of expressing reality only
Makes perceptions interesting but
Does not add to or
Subtract from the reality!

God Ordained

For all the ills wrought by perverted greed
No amount of cajolery can comfort;
And it is a wonder how the evil creed
Succeeds in destroying all that has been built
Through co-operation and goodwill.
The chosen ones have been goading their followers
To wage war upon other people.
In this way, societies are wound up
In internecine turmoil.

Elephant Ride

With my sweetheart on my left side the
mighty beast is gracefully
Moving with the poise of a balloon and bundling
grass roots tightly
With the snout-tip, and drawing these
into his mouth effortlessly.
We are moving through fog sticking obstinately.
Espying vast prairie, we are lilting
through gay air sportively!

We are face to face with a gigantic
Rhinoceros looking so idiotic,
With huge and round body and
Level and straight neck
Gazing towards us like a sceptic
With sorcerous charm lent by the single horn on the snout.

Wild deers stand lined up at a distance.
Everything is engulfed in dazzling white fog.
And the Elephant is moving gracefully!

So many forms in the animal, and
Vegetable kingdoms. How are these formed?
How Nature manufactures gene varieties?
To what ultimate end?

Riding the elephant, a pleasant experience!
The huge beast gracefully taking steps and
We perch much higher from the ground.

And man, the rapacious animal, is
Arrogating to himself the task of propagating, and
Preserving animal species.
The rapacious man!
Father against son; son conspiring against father;
Yes, you can't live with me;
I have paid all that you invested in bringing me up.
You are not my father; you are shameless fellow!
These animals you are seeing also rear up
Their young ones.
You have done no better!

Whale is rapacious in the ocean;
And man is rapacious on the whale;
If you come with me I will have you
A ride on the whale
In the ocean, and
You will find yourself what is happening
In the ocean; and many fish have
Their own torch lights; why should they
Depend on outer light.
You must have your own provision.

Why should father bring forth the son?
Why should the father beget his only son?
What compels him to do so?
And why should son be compelled to love his father?

If a woman turns out to be a Penelope
She is to be treated for an abnormal trait because
She has lost normal instincts present in animals.

Man is an animal, rapacious and most powerful
Ever on the run when faced with danger.
He can't stop the molten lava of
Greed, lust, and hatred engulfing his cities.

Any person begotten through the womb of
A woman is also begotten of Man.
Cain could beget his son Enoch only
When he knew his wife, but
How the wife he came to know
Was created, nobody knows! And
No body needs to know.
When a thing cannot be explained it
Should be treated as divine!

The Elephant is moving gracefully.
We saw some animals.
We didn't see all the animals.
PRAISED BE THE ELEPHANT FOR HIS
GENEROSITY!

Doomsday

From the ashes of a burnt piece of paper you can never
Recover the original piece.
Likewise, human body perishes and mixes with the dust
And atmospheric gases. Then why maddening conflicts brewed
By greed and selfishness leading to hate, death and destruction
And violence?

But what matters if one generation perishes but is
Successful in pushing forward waves of conflict,
Killings, and so-called revolution, to the next generation,
So say the religious crusaders.

And religious crusaders say that when world ends up in an
Atomic holocaust it will uphold the prophecy of
The doomsday!

But it will be a doomsday on which the canopy of the sky
Will not fall like broken pieces of glass on stretched earth
As prophesied!

It will be a doomsday when mountains will not scatter in the
Atmosphere like flakes of cotton
As prophesied!

It will be a doomsday perpetrated and brought about by
Man for his own total destruction, destroying all that has
Been built for five thousand years!

It will be a doomsday on which, maybe, God will
Wonder whether to administer judgement or forgive all
For their folly!

The Dead Ant

Two and a quarter millimetres ant
Was carrying double sized dead ant,
Having a massive head and abdomen,
A saga of courage and acumen!

The tiny ant discarded the dead giant
At a long distance, and returned salient
To hole which was rife with activity;
Workers were hauling grains with festivity.

Whenever a dead ant falls near the hole,
Couriers or diggers quickly shoal,
And go round the dead ant like policemen
Round the site of accident or crime-den.

Thereafter, a worker rushes forth and drags
The dead one, running, not in the least flags
In strength to carry it far away for
Getting rid of the dead as useless tar.

Ants, who live by socialized labour
And activity, want not to harbour
A dead member, rendered useless by death,
To remain amidst for spoiling their breath.

Socialized system should have no need
For a *mausoleum* to strengthen creed.

Prophecy and Proselytism

Religious leaders of the yore
Only prophesied dooms and wars,
As a result of disobeying God's commands.
They never prophesied
How cholera, malaria, plague or leprosy spread,
And how these dreadful diseases
Could be prevented or cured.

Prophecy and proselytism have led to
Wars and bloodshed.

It should be the prerogative of mankind
To know the truth about everything
Through right type of reasoning and investigation.

Religion and Helplessness

By whatever name you may call the
Creator; He may be, or He may *not*
Be!

The Creator is not to be blamed for
All the maltreatment, injustice, abuse,
Betrayal, exploitation, coercion, and
Tyranny prevailing in the world.

Every person is a mini-creator,
If mini-creators clash, it is none
Of the faults of the Supreme Being at
The root of creation and responsible for
Gradation of consciousness!

If you are tyrannized or subjected
To injustice it is your own duty
To defend yourself!

The creator is not to be blamed for
Creating a cruel and unjust world.

We don't
Know what is the purpose of creation,
We should depend on our own strength.

Forms may be disagreeing;
Views may be clashing;
Enormity may rule the roost;
The rascal may pass off

As saint and benefactor;
Conflicts may prove insoluble;
Bias may carry the day;
The torrent of misfortunes
May sweep you off, but
Always assert yourself and stand firm.

You may be performing miracles of
Raising the dead, healing men suffering
From fell diseases but unable to
Save yourself from vicious enemies who
Have turned against you without any cause.
It is a situation which makes logic
And reason ill-conceived or useless.

If dragged to the scaffold without cause,
Or on account of false accusation,
And cannot save yourself, it is no use
To make religion of your helplessness.

Chimpanzee

I am not afraid of the tiger but
I fear the wild elephant very much.
Once in his grip you are sure to die.

Chimpanzee comes, diddling, dawdling;
Without provocation slaps the keeper who
Opens the refrigerator and the beast swallows
Sixteen bottles of Coca Cola. Runs forward and
Smashes tables and chairs. The keeper brings Ice
Cream and the beast gulps thirty ice-creams
Non-stop, and is pacified somewhat.

How nearer is man to chimpanzee?
Some fifteen million years, they say, separate them!
Can Man change into something higher or
Different within the next ten million years?

The Wonderful Drunkard

The poetess was
Weaving
Words

Into nuances; and
Squeezing

Fantasies out of dry words, and
Poison out of juicy words.

A fly came to rest
for a while
making
A dash over the wine glass.
The drunkard nearby mistook it for
a spider, and
squeaked and squirmed
With a hiccup.

Murmur submerged under the shady grove;
darkness became Light, and
thrust after thrust into dark pit
Fired out dazzling lightnings
Of joy.

Who Conspires

Tired limbs, tossed, buffetted,
Aching with pain.
Never seen rest or respite;
Reaching the top of the hill, but
Unexpectedly rolled downhill.
Always baffled by storm;
Closest turn enemies bent to harm.
Why things take such a course
As to destroy me completely?
Who conspires to ensure that my attempts should fail?
Who conspires to toss me against the wave?

I utterly fail to understand!

Riddle

The Holy Bible says:
Israel asked his son, Joseph,
To go and see whether it was
Well with his brethren who
Were feeding flock at Sachem.
Joseph set off, and
Found his brethren at Dothan, and
His brethren seeing him afar
Conspired against him.

The Holy Quran says:
Brothers of Joseph after
Conspiring to get rid of him
Requested their father to
Send Joseph with them so that
He may also drink and play, and
Joseph went with them.

Whether Joseph went to see
If it was well with his brethren who
Were away feeding the flock, or
Accompanied his brethren who
Persuaded their father to send him with them
Can't be decided.

Who will solve this riddle for me?

Not a Robot

We can't feel beyond our fingers or toes.
We can think only about one thing at a time.
Our existence is shifting like a point
With co-ordinates x, y, and z, and at every
Position we are strangers to ourselves.

BUT
The seer within is fantastic,
Imagining places he has not seen,
Which can either not agree with the facts, or,
Only approximate to the facts; mistakes
The dimensions of the positions in which
He presently is, or, formulates facts about positions
Past, present, or likely to happen; discovers, or,
Creates something, or, helps Nature in creation, and

THIS WAY
He differs from every robot,
Past, present, or future!

On the Bank of the Lake

A placid lake with sombre dark shade
In the midst of terraced hills
Covered by intensely dense vegetation
And populated by so many varieties of trees.
West bank sloping mildly
Towards the lake and connected to two islets
With bowers by
Fenced wooden bridges.

Mildly slanting western bank covered by
Sunflowers, asters, gentians, and marigolds.
In front of a row of marigolds
He was waiting for that wild-looking
Passion-exciting beautiful tribal girl.

Anglers in two boats:
One angler was getting the catch too often.
Two anglers were patiently waiting.
The angler with white shirt was getting a kill too often.
A matter of luck!

Here, on the canopied bower on the islet
Four persons were playing rummy.
The man with spectacled broad face
Was getting the sequence too often.
A matter of luck!

A matter of luck in Love also!

A small boat with an air of a hasheesh smoker,
Rowed by a boy,
Came towards the bank.

The beautiful tribal girl was not coming;
Sun was shining behind a confused haze.
Maybe, the sun we are seeing is a sort of
Mirror image of the actual sun which
We never see.
If that actual sun is the one we don't see
How confused we are between
Reality and Appearance!

After Meeting in the Forest

In that wonderful palace chamber painted red
And gold, and on that softly swinging bed,

With your apple cheeks and enchanting
Nose, you were entrancing;
Black eyelashes jutting
Like arrows, and arching

Eyebrows, and everything ravishing;
And you were feeling like a child
Delighted that I, out of pride
That you were mine, was rapturously

Watching with ecstasy
All the expressions and twists of
Your raving beauty that did write off
All the descriptions of the beautiful
Rendered by poets considered artful.

Vision inexpressible!
Why I am lorn with pining incurable?

Purple, red wine, brocade, gold, silver, and
As you moved your eyes down to mend
My moods the shades below your eyebrows
Recreated moon-lit night amongst cedar rows

In that bewitching forest where we secretly
Met to vow faithfulness and fidelity.

A draught from the jewelled flask on my right
Created a vibrant mood to fight
Ill-conceived fears and apprehensions!
Placing your head
On my breast you said:
Never part with me!

Clasp me with the greatest power that
Even death fails to snatch me
Away from you.
Repose ever in the pleasure gardens
Of my Love which are ever freshly blooming,
Hidden in the deepest recesses of enchantment,
Where supreme beauty merges with the being!

Hyperbole Poetic

A child weltering in a swelter of misery
Cannot appear as a 'mighty prophet, seer blest', and
A man who has been passing through
Pits of hellish experiences from childhood
Can hardly wish to live his childhood again!

(______)Cast a Glance

I don't know whether
I loved you in my previous life,
If there is one.
I feel I was in love with you from time immemorial!
I am always trying to look beautiful,
Spick and span,
With the hope that you may see me and like me.

I spent my life till now
To find your home, but all in vain.
I may have, sometime, reached very near
Your abode but
Mysteriously missed the alley
Leading to the entrance of your house.

All these long years
I have not abandoned the hope.
Once I heard a person whispering
To me: (______) has cast a glance on you!
From where you cast a glance on me
I couldn't imagine.
All the same I was, for days, mad with joy!

Coincidences

I told Koestler the story of a friend
Who behaved like an *asura* one day.

I had a vision:
I saw him stark naked
Hurriedly cycling at a crossing in the centre
Of which stood a tree. He wobbled
And struck his head against the tree.

Nine years elapsed and one day
Our friend, while travelling on his scooter over the boulevard,
Suddenly fell sideways.
He received head injury and died after a few days.
A situation visioned years before it took the form of reality.

Certainly, some power works *unseen*
To plot situations already visioned.
This power is responsible for coincidences!
Even if you have felt and seen this Power
You can't wish Him to work according to your wish.
He works like a novelist, visualizing a plot, and then

Weaving the web of events towards
Climax and denouement.

Human concepts of probability or
Theory of quantums and quarks
Cannot explain this Power.

If this Power wills
An object lost in form and structure
Can reappear!

Decorative

How can you express a thing of beauty
Without having words at your command, but

When you use decorative words excessively
It renders the whole creative work superfluous.

Contemporaneity cannot be avoided
If poetry has to serve as a medium
For raising the level of comprehension
And human efficacy.

Poetry may not be didactic but
It should not avoid being deductive.

His Image

Do you think God enjoys
In the same way a man does?

Do you think that God created Man
In his own image?

If God is all love, why we don't find
His image having any trace of it?

Don't you see what hell man has created on Earth?
Just look and feel into
Festering, burning, crackling
Hovels of hunger, disease, exploitation
Wars, hatreds, rapes, rituals,
Cuttings and killings!

If Man is the Image of God, obviously
God is the author of hell that is being enacted
On Earth!

Man is limited in his thinking, and
In his enjoyment.

Whether God created worlds for his own joy,
We cannot see, we cannot say!
We can't argue about God's thinking like
We argue about our own thinking!

Who and Whose

How can such a man adjust

WHOSE
One step forward has always meant
Two steps backward. In

WHOSE
Case a bird in the bush succeeded
In luring away two birds in his hand; and

WHO
Always thought of driving on highways but,
Somehow, found himself floundering in
Slushy and shitty backlanes; and

WHO
Really strived for mansions and enchanting
Landscapes but,
Somehow, couldn't move out of hovels.

Bereavement

Wriggling;
A venomous snake, along
Slushy humus covered by
Dense vegetation, interwoven bushy growth.

A wanderer
In this landscape, looking towards
Sunshine and sky. Unexpectedly,
The snake raises its hooded head.
The wanderer is hushed with a fright
And a painful scratch on the heart.

The snake disappears
To appear unpredictably some other time!

Reminiscence of painful bereavement!

A Plunge into Deep

The trajectory of feeling;
The wind;
The end is approaching!
Thoughts struggle to penetrate the deep.

Glum-nosed fish come to the surface for air,
And again dive deep into darkness,
Having their own light to light up.

Moments of struggle and pain,
And a plunge into deep!

Punning on Reality

——Poets write all manner of things
through all manner of devices
starting over again from the corner and
leading into a blind *alley*
and returning back for going along the direct path
but sometime imagining a situation
which never existed and
splitting hair about attachment and detachment
and making the path of a dove
a trail of mystic delight and
describing heaven for scaring
petals of blooming roses and
punning on reality for making people
rollick with joy by recounting
situations of tragedies and compulsions
thereby blunting the edge of comprehension
for appreciating the necessity
for correcting the ills——

Memorial

I can't keep your portrait or photograph
Dear One,
Snatched away from me by the cruel hands of death!

You are ever fresh in my memory but
If I keep your portrait in my room, I am sure
It will drive me mad!

I wonder how a person can keep before him the portrait
Of his dear one lost in the prime of his youth
I wonder at the courage of these people!

And I wonder when I see people advertise a
Memorial in a newspaper!

It may be giving them solace, but when by chance
I happen to see the memorial of a
Young man in a newspaper it makes me
Extremely sad!

The Great Liar

When the Great Liar succeeds through fraud,
And through invented lies and canard;
Dishonours, harms and sometime ruins
Ordinary folk, soiling honest miens;
Sometimes driving innocent people
To madness, and frustration ample,
How can we say there is God of worlds
Administering and ruling with proper holds?

Sometime the Great Liar says he does not
Believe in God, but when he is caught
He throws up riddles of religion
For hatching new forms of collusion.

When the Great Liar drives you mad through
Harassing tricks and ensnaring *cue*
You may commit suicide privately
But people laugh at your depravity.

Wound of Separation

Yes, we are separating now, both
Of us are content with our parting
Ways. In a few days, I leave; I have
No regrets.

You loved me and said that even
After death you would not separate
From me.

I am collecting flowers, roses
And beautiful red leaves from your
Garden to take them with me to
My place.

If I reach my place the flowers of
Your garden will lessen the sharpness
Of the smarting ache of separation
In my heart.

If I do not reach my place but at
Least the collection of flowers from
Your garden will keep me company
Up to the point where I perish.

If I succeed in reaching my place the
Company of the flowers of your
Garden will slow down the process of
My wasting away, but maybe when
I look at these flowers the wound may
Burst forth like a furnace reducing
Me to white ash.

Health

All is well
If the Body is well!
If the brain is tip-top,
If the stomach is surging with health,
If the liver is in proper function,
You can relish the deer meat, and
Draughts of Champagne!
Therefore,
Enjoy only to the extent
That the body which enables you to enjoy
Is not damaged in any part irrepairably
Or rendered chronically diseased!

Like a CIA Agent

God cannot be like anything
IN THE UNIVERSE (X):
ENERGY
MATTER
QUANTUMS
QUARKS
SPACES
DIMENSIONS
He may be self-effulgent thinking being with
Supreme Will and Intelligence!
If He is a thinking being (like ourselves)
He can hide himself from us.
He can leave no trace of *evidence* for us!

If a CIA Agent can keep
All evidence about his operations under cover,
Can't God keep all His operations
Under cover
Without leaving a trace of *evidence* about Himself?

With the Astronomer

How do you ask the question if
I believe in God or not ?? (?)
Have you seen Him or
Understood His existence? If not
Then why to ask a question(?)
About which you (?! ?) don't know yourself!
There is no evidence to show that God
Exists (.)

What type of evidence
You would need to infer that
God exists? What type of experiment
You would devise in the physical world
To prove the existence of God! (?) !
What type of mathematical logic
You would devise for arriving at a conclusion (.)
Since you have spent lifetime in
Unravelling astronomical mysteries
Have you ever spent even a fraction of a year
In devising a method which would enable
Us to deduce evidence about God's existence ! ? !

'I' NEED NOT REPLY (! ! ! ? ? ?)

Partings and Meetings

When there is compulsion lurking every
moment to leave one posting or
place for another, and
if the situation
or place happens to be
pleasant or comfortable
how time contracts and patience
crackles like popcorn
On heating.

The place for which one has to leave may be
more pleasant; the vehicle which
we have to discard may be more convenient;
or, the vehicle to
be discarded may be
inferior to the
vehicle which we have
to use at the new place,
but steel-strings of attachment
Somehow strike a discordant note.

If there is a beloved person at the
place which we have to abandon,
inevitable parting
makes one very unhappy;
or, we may tarry for
as much time as we can
for seeing a dear one
before parting; and if
the dear one doesn't turn up

there is no alternative
But to surrender and leave.

It is best to leave bravely without
attachment like the Victorious
One; the attachment draws
the spirit into wailing
prison of phony shadows
In the Hell of Despondency.

The laws governing meetings and partings
appear inscrutable;
May be manipulated by
Some incomprehensible power.

Andes of Amazon

What a wonder this Andes and the
Vast basin of Amazon!
Sun, rain, water, forest, animals, birds,
And insects live in mutual interdependence!
Even the Ants of Amazon guard their tribal identity!

This yellow -headed vulture has been
Endowed with most complex system for
Aerial locomotion; it has telescopic
Vision, and enough air and space
To wander about. It cares most for
The preservation of its kind!

With a single error on the part of man
This beautiful Earth, teeming with marvellous
Patterns of life and natural systems whose
Colourful models are available in
Colourful forests of Amazon, may become
EXTINCT IN A FLASH!

Starry Sky

The passionate longing of a Lover
Lost incarnated into a star——
And a star is a constant gaze ever rolling
In the belt of the heavens
In search of his beloved.
And, therefore, the captivating spell of the starry sky!
Each gaze is rolling in search of his own beloved
Timeless voyage!

What a Folly

We do not reach the Sun but through
Thought and intelligence we prove
A way of finding the true
Composition of the sphere by
Examining the spectrum of tie
Light we receive from this luminous high.

By analysing the *light* we receive
From the Supreme Being, can you believe
We can comprehend His makeup view?
Is the nature of *light* we receive from
The Supreme Being of similar frame
As the light visible in cosmodome?

O my Beauty, what a folly!

Why the Blind Man was Born Blind

When the Master saw the blind man
His disciples asked whether
His blindness was due to
The sins of his parents or
Due to his own sins.
The Master replied that neither hath
The blind man sinned nor
His parents but that
The works of God should be
Made manifest in him.

But the question remains
Unanswered whether,
The blindness of the man was due to
His own sins or
The sins of his parents.

At the time when the Master cured
The blind man there were
Thousands of blind men all over the globe, and
Whether their blindness was
Due to their own sins, or
A freak in the workmanship of Nature
During development in foetal stage.

Multitudes are born amidst
Excruciating miseries or with frustrating handicaps
Every physical handicap is a sort of punishment
And Nature is also not bounteous!

Some are born with poor intelligence;
Some with average intelligence, and
Some with enviable gifts.

Inequality starts with Nature, but
What about infirmities or miseries?

Half of mankind is already passing
Through torments of hell.
Those who are suffering,
Have they again to be pronounced
For a fresh spell of agonies
In the Burning Hell
On the Judgement Day.
Will they be let free on the Judgement Day
Having already suffered
Hellish cruelties in this world?

If every living soul is
A new creation, why suffering?

If Devil enters into a creature
For tempting,
Why can't the Holy Spirit enter and
Thwart the Devil?

Why fresh souls are created every minute
For suffering in this world?
Souls gone by and
Souls coming into being–flowing river,
But, as if not having suffered enough
In this world have to wait again
Up to the Judgement Day.

Why the blind man was born blind
Remains unanswered.

Burning Burning

Every minute and every hour
Is a shaking and a breaking!

All thoughts and all work
Revolving round your beauty!

Why should you be so frighteningly beautiful?

Moth burns its wings on touching a flame!
A simple phenomenon though extolled by poets.

Your beauty is such that it keeps me burning
Though I have never touched you!

One-time glance set me ablaze!

I keep burning every hour, every minute;
In time and out of time.

Your touch alone can quench
The hellish fire in me.
The first glance robbed me of sense and poise.

I am all mad!

When in town I roam in lanes and bylanes
That by chance I may see you.

Even after eons I may not see you!

The blaze of your beauty has engulfed me.

It is all hellish fire that keeps me burning,
In season and out of season,
In time and out of time,
At home and abroad,
I keep burning.

Burning! Burning!

Your marble body, golden hair,
Marvellous eyes and apple cheeks
Are possessed by other damsels too.
But what is it in you
That keeps me burning?

Burning! Burning!

In town and out of town,
Every minute and every hour,
In time and out of time,
Everyday and every night,
You keep me burning.

Burning! Burning!

Fire-Beaked Parrots

Splendidly shining
Red headed
Red plumed
Fire-beaked

PARROTS
Pecking the seeds of fire each
Covered by mantle of blue flame.

Seeds of fire
Embeded in the cores of
Over-ripe Nectar Fruits
Hanging from enchanting trees whose
Boughs are forks of lightning!

When conceptions are vaporous
They rise to form clouds which
Are raised higher by the
Winds of thought and inquiry;
Higher up over the forests of *Someru* and
On reaching the higher ranges of
Someru freeze to form SNOW which
Falls swirling on the top and slopes
Of *Someru.*

Waters from the
Glaciers of *Someru* are life-imparting,
And bring down fertile soil in which
Evergreen varieties of trees flourish.

Evergreen varieties
Of trees bearing fruits of
Nectar Juice and holding Seeds
Of Fire in the core.

Red-headed
Red-plumed
Fire-beaked
Parrots peck the seeds of fire
With the beaks of fire.

After eating the kernels
Of the seeds of fire,
The fire-beaked Suka
Made most enthralling warble
Whose sound and repeated recitation
Set hearts aflame
With Love!

Spider

How long will poets
Go on versing
Love, life and self?
Like a spider weaving
Web of wording
For catching stray and wayward flies
Who, when caught, get benumbed and die.

Kittens

Playing in the sun
These kittens
Pouncing upon each other
In mock fights.
With what relish
They are enjoying!
With what gusto the white kitten
Is pricking up ears and
Curling tail upwards.
And with what facility
They are playfully
Mimicking coyness
The effective behavioural weapon
For deceiving the prey.

Whether behavioural bits
Were patterned accidentally or
By transcendental intelligence
Is not an easy question for wits.

Riddling Expression

God stretched the earth and nailed
Heavy mountains over it, so that
This flat earth may not slide away
Or turn along with people on it.
Without help raised the roof of sky
Over earth and created man from
Black dry lumps of soil.

On doomsday the earth and the
Mountains will be ground to dust!
On doomsday the roof of the sky
Will explode and angels will gather
Along its periphery and your God's
Throne will be held aloft by eight
Angels (perhaps that it may not fall down)

Is there anyone
Who would explain the riddling words
Literally, figuratively, and scientifically?

Satyagraha Marchers

The Mahatma was a utopian;
He thought that he could convince,
Persuade, and bring round, a ruffian,
And pacify a devil, and whence
When Hiroshima was struck by
Atom Bomb he averred that sure,
The tragedy affirmed surely
That non-violence was the cure
For all the ills of the mankind,
Little knowing that the tragic
Loss of life would not bind
The devils who relish horrific.

The tragedy of Hiroshima
Was a gala day for the devils!
And the Devils hold sway
From time immemorial.

The best thing is to remain alert,
With full teeth for defence,
And not be beaten up
Like Satyagraha Marchers
When they crossed the fence.

Loss of a Precious Son

He was a precocious boy always
Angry but brilliant and meticulous

He left for the journey and there was
No inkling that he would not return

In the first phase of the journey he
Somehow came into the fold of an enemy

He suffered a fracture and the wound
Was allowed to fester; father arrived late

For three days he struggled for life and all
Efforts at the hospital to save him failed

The last transfusion was a pint of his father's
Blood who was dejectedly standing by his side

Circulation of father's blood in his veins
Made him feel the nearness of his father

And the sweetness of feeling softened the pain
And painful struggle; he peacefully gave up the ghost

His face was the imprint of a mould
Most painful and unbearable to look at
The imprint poignantly bewailed human treachery
And futility of struggle in the clutches of death

Eight years have elapsed and nothing can heal
The festering wound of bereavement in father's heart.

Number Hell

Counting countless leads to meaningless merger!
Oblivion defines numberless, but
When lost
What happens to Numbers?

God knows how closed shell breaks
To release explosive HELL
Of Numbers!

Stirring out frenzied flies
Dashing zigzag and straight
Here and there and everywhere;
Some alighting to lick sugared baits
For getting benumbed into Hell.

Hell
From atom to atom
From quark to quark
Every moment a counting of Zero Hour
Every moment the Judgement Hour
The Judgement Hour for flinging into Hell.

All at once
In a single projection
Totality flashing into a vision!
No postponement of the Judgement Hour,
Or, call it the Judgement Day!

Day, Hour and Moment
Benumbed into HELL!

Numbers cardinal and ordinal,
Bordering circles of Hell,
Forging shackles and chains
For dragging into Hell.

Drouth-Hit Village

Beyond the pool
Mud cottages and
In front
Thatched cottages,
Empty, ghastly, wailing ravages.

Moan-laden hot dusty wind in fits of raving surges;
Fissured, drouth-hit parched land with gaping ridges.

Near the dry pool vultures and some crows
Feasting on dead cattle strewn in confused rows.
Ghostly and famished men and women gasping in death-
throes.
Away, picking carrion from dead children two horrible
women without eyebrows.

Once teeming with life, this village with liveliness surged;
And the religious leader of the village had urged
To produce children in dozens, otherwise they would be
scourged
By Almighty for disobeying commandments that urged
To multiply and ensure that the population bulged
That they might dictate to their enemies who never,
With them, wish to be merged.

Noah's Ark

How Noah
Went around the Globe, and
Put every beast,
Every creeping thing and every fowl,
Male and female, into his ark,
I cannot understand!

And the ark was only
Three hundred cubits long, fifty cubits broad, and
Thirty cubits high!

And it is a mystery
How the descendants of the sons of Noah spread
Over the Old World and the New World.

Gift of Will

Maya, the great power that works up
Creatures and beings into actions, and
Reactions, and interactions, tied up
Between hate and love, reality and fiction;
And distracted from the path that leads to resolution.

'Krsna and Krsna's Maya are one!'
This way you have me undone.
If I seek Krsna, His Maya will stun;

And through illusory spells compel me to shun
The right path that leads to Him!

But Krsna has given me the gift of will
And that is the only hope that sustains me still!

Even Then

I would establish my relationship with God.
I would request Him to treat me as His slave.

Surely, my beloved is God!
Will He be moved by my entreaties?

Well, you should renounce everything worldly!
You don't love God if you can't leave all that is worldly!

If I leave everything worldly, and love God alone,
Even then He may not reveal Himself unto me!

Alone

Star studded sky;
Some bright, some faint.

Hushing shades of darkness;
Clusters of trees;
Margosa standing hushed in silence;
Periodic chatter and twitter.
Myself standing alone. Wondering!

Why am I alone?
Can't I lose myself?
Can't I become the hushing darkness?
Can't I become the Margosa standing alone?
Can't I become chatter and twitter?
Can't I become cold rustle?

I can see
I can hear
I can feel

I cannot become what I see;
I cannot become what I hear;
I cannot become what I feel.

I stand lonely,
Tormented, traduced, tortured, twisted.

The Mathematician Among Tribals

William Dipper, the great mathematician,
Fell among tribals.

Proved a misfit
Unable to understand the hints.
Made queer dances, and

His mimes and
Hints brought forth squeaky laughters, and
Strange smiles;

When he asked one
Tribal to place his hat on the
Stool he placed it on the hearth.
Clashing and cranking went with
All actions, and sometime, William Dipper
Laughed, and repented

Why without
Prior training and preparation
He fell among tribals without
Any hope of being able to escape
From this cut-off area
Surrounded by
A roaring sea.

Being a mathematician
He dribbled equations on a
Flat-faced rock with the desire that
Some civilized being may walk

That way and note down for
The benefit of the civilized world.

A lizard flitted
Over the Rock and William Dipper
Trembled.

A tribal came shrieking,
Topsy-turvy.

Perhaps, Dipper was
Despoiling the Rock that was Fetish
He was tied by the feet and hung
From a nearby tree.

Upside-down,
The equations disappeared;

The wind,
The chirrup, the drone, the sting
Of the wasp made curious equations!
The sky disappeared in a thin film.

The bough
That held Dipper crashed, and
Dipper fell down and relapsed unconscious.

The wind
Made a satarizing laughter.
The equations
Flitted past his brain like flirting jilts.
And the time disappeared.

*

William Dipper
Opened his eyes to view a Rugaby in
Rumbling ruts rankling with risible
Sounds,

Pushing racy winds from
Plough to field, and

Setting Sun was
Though burning fire with copper-red drouth,
William Dipper found himself on a
Wooden board
Watched by a tribal woman.

Dipper heaved a tragic sigh!
His thinking pulse was acquiring regularity:
'The tribals don't understand my
Greatness. Maybe, I don't make out
The language of the tribals, and
Maybe, I don't understand the
Language of the birds, beasts, insects.
An insect may be droning a
Formula which would offset gaps
In the Number Theory, and show how
Parallel lines turn into a
Hollow sphere rather than meet at
Infinity. There is communication
Gap everywhere and, lonely we
Move in a limited field.'

Darkening Shade of the Forest

What is there under the darkening shade of the forest?
A wilderness that sniffs your scent,
Gazing in your eyes wildly,
Mesmerizing into unknown
Over a periphery that merges with the undiscovered ocean.

When the graph of life gets traced
Quite straight, in spite of one's wishful thinking,
There is no option but to feel that the Point of Life
Is urged to move under some inscrutable force,

And all our efforts are
Mirrored reflections creating an illusion
In a pool hidden in the deep forest,
Strewn underground by hibernating snakes.

If the distant ocean roars, and
The forest on the hills is struck by a lightning,
Kindling a fire that devastates the whole forest,
Laying it bare and dispersed over with
Burning logs, cinders, ash and coal, the traveller
Who was once lost in this dense forest is
Struck with a wonder that borders on frustration.

What is attachment and what is detachment?——
Only the foam and spray on the surface of the ocean
Answers the question, and vaguely
The existence oscillates like a wave. And
What we call present, and what we
Like to call as future, and how we would like to trace the past

Elude grasp. All inquiry is drawn like foam
Over the whirlpool which
Under the force of the current may get
Scattered in a hush, never to be traced again!

If one has no strength to walk or
No strength to stand, how can one reach the destination?

Sometimes, time regarded as past fades away,
Like a cloudy mist, over the border of sentience, and
Future merges with the present. A deadly

Craving is obliterated, and
That which neither existed in the present,
Nor in the past projects its reflection
Into the future, proving the fallacy of the proposition
That every beginning is an end.

Forest Beauty

Here she is with silken white skin;
Pretty looking stubby nose;
Smiling tribal eyes,
Beautiful!
Hair, silken tresses, falling behind
On shoulders.

I walk down the road;
She comes running; talks;
Sweet smattering; staring at me.
Ah, her beautiful smiling eyes!
She runs to me whenever I pass that side!

A sunny day!
Cruising in my jeep along the forest road.
Some wild elephants
Walking aslant with measured treads,
Coming in the opposite direction.
No time to reverse the vehicle
Jump down; running
Down the slope of the gorge, and
Near the frightening grove
Of bushes she stops me.
I am panting
Sight of this wildly captivating tribal girl
Blows out fear and panting!

Wild tribal girl, so wildly captivating!
She gibbers something,
Holding me by the hand she runs down.

We run below broad leaved trees
Trampling

Dense wild growth under our feet.
Making a detour we reach
Near a hut amidst
A grove of trees with long blades.
In this small hut of bamboo splits
Her prattle is so fascinating!
But I hear the crushing of my jeep
By the wild elephants.

In this green wilderness of Forest
I am alone
With the sweet girl of the Forest.
She presses her lips with
Her forefinger, staring at me
In a dreamy mood.

She goes out closing
The door of the little hut.
I want to fly away, but can't!
I am a captive of the wild girl
I was a captive of the wild girl.
The unexpected happy meeting appears providential.

She is back with something.
Unties the cloth, and
Places before me loaves of maize flour,
Bananas, honey on a piece of banana leaf,
A roasted leg along with foot of a fowl which
Is stinking; but I can't help
Eating everything as
The Forest Girl is watching with
Ineffable affection as if
Begging for mercy.

It is sweet to listen to her prattling,
Intently looking towards me
She stands up; closes the door with the latch,
And goes away
Gambolling.

I am perplexed and alone in this lonely little hut,
Peeping like a prisoner
Through crevices.
Golden savage spell over the slopes;
Hill guarded by stout tall trees, some
With splayed leaves, some
With shining dark green leaves.
Below, a small lake with surface
Adorned by red waterlilies.

Harrowing to lie on bamboo mat,
Tantalizing night!
Through the crevice I see
A big shadow moving in the gorge with
Long legs taking strides, and

Arms dangling; and huge head from which
Braids are hanging and dangling like ropes.
I am brave;
A convulsion seizes me.
I am full of bravery,
A long wait!

I am awake with sweet freshness
Of wholesome sleep.
Dense and deep chirrup—
Of birds.
All at once
Longing for the wild beauty
Gathers momentum!

Every second is painful,
She doesn't turn up;
Has deserted me.

Joy blooms like lotus
In my heart!
Through the crevice I see
The wild beauty returning along the track
Followed by a dog.
She is near the hut,
Door opens——
Greeting and laughing!
So blissful to see her smiling eyes!
She unties a cloth containing provision:
Bananas, roasted birds,
Honey, berries, and loaves of maize flour.

How satisfying to be fed by your Eve!
I am driving out my children and home
From my memory,
She appears immensely pleased.
A sleek cobra is moving below the hut,
She pounces down with stick and pot,
By a strange manipulation
She puts the cobra into the pot and
Closes the opening with the cloth in which
She brought the provisions,
She places the cobra pot in the corner.

I move out of the hut
To ease myself,
Forest—so charming,
I am back.
She is singing in a strange heady language,
Her child-like smiles are killing.

Her smiles expose her well placed
Broad teeth–fascinating pearls!
She moves out, placing a latch
Across the door.

I venture to open the door,
I move out.
Hills and slopes, and
Huge trees standing like sentinels.
Across the broad hollow are bamboo plantations,
There, two hundred yards from me
A python's moult.

I retrace, and
Back in the hut close the door,
I am at the mercy of the
Wild Beauty!

Sun is quite up, and
I feel refreshed after sleep, but
Tension begins to mount up!
Chirrup is irritating!

She is back,
Half an hour to noon.
She throws on the floor
Bananas, lemons, fried fish,
Loaves of bread, and
Beckons me to eat.
Her smiles are so charming,
I am trembling,
I feel I can't move my limbs,
I feel strange urge to clasp her,
I am benumbed.

Time doesn't exist. She
Comes near me trembling, shivering.
She is mad; slaps me; throws away
Her skirt; tears to pieces my shirt;
Trousers slip away.
Hut is yawing in the air!

We are clasped for a fantastic flight!
Zooming higher and higher
Into the unimagined regions
Of dreaming blue
Fringed by corners of
Burning Darkness!

Zooming higher and higher,
We are sometimes pitching,
And sometimes rolling, and
Holding each other in a vice-like grip;
Clinching teeth into flesh, and
Sometimes plunging teeth into teeth for support;
Zippy and zipping due to
Fantastic speed; zooming
Higher and higher–Ah!
The entire blue sky is rolling around us.
The excessive speed and zipping
Unloose the nozzles. Oh,
The fluids rush out.
We are crashing towards earth,
Rolling, and clasping each other for support.

Praised be the Providence for
Most enchanting flight!
We are safely arrived in the hut,
Face to face, and madly joyous!
Her smiling wet eyes are blissful!

Can't understand!
She is uttering something in a mushy language.
There is wild cry up on the mountain,
She moves out to see.
Her eyes are protruded with fear,
I see about ten tribals
With long hair, and two or three
With turbans,
They are running towards us.

She rushes into the hut and
Takes out the pot containing the cobra.
She holds me by the hand, and
Drags me along.
We are running!
Behind, the tribals are running
After us with
Sticks and crescent axes.

We are running,
Crossing every barrier of bush and brake.
We are at the crossing,
With one hand beating her breast
She cries to me
To run away!

I am running away but
Looking behind, reeling.
She drags out the cobra and
Forces it to sting her face.
I am madly running,
I want to kill myself,
I am staggering with pain,
I have been stung by a cobra!

I am on the motorable road
A rickety truck is coming from behind.
It stops on my showing,
I jump into it from behind,
It speeds away wobbling.

Hell of Chaos

When the storms are not abating;
When, actively throwing up ash and lava, volcanoes are wildly ranting;
When everything is helter-skelter and panting;
When winds and waters, having run amok, are grating;
When everything is unsettled, and nothing is yielding;
When creatures, filled with fear, wander scurrying;
When strains mount up, and the will to live is breaking;
When wisdom is hushed, and Devils are ravenously ravaging;
When meditations are ominously scattering,
In that Hell of Chaos, O Lord,
Let me remain steadfast and unmoved.

folk drama:

Musicians-

Bharatnatyam

Kuchipudi

Kathak

out side

Inspiration in the North-East

T N Dhar



Places, People. Thoughts, Dreams. All these and more fill this volume of poetry, based primarily on the poet's emotions for the north-east part of India.

Sometimes eclectic, sometimes sanguine, T N Dhar exhibits a tremendous range of ethos and pathos, flitting from topic to topic with an enviable ease.

From lonely tribal girls to people he meets through the journey of life, a man's sensitivity is put to test and makes a poet of him.

Price Rs. 100

ISBN: 81 7662 219 2

Minerva Press (India) Pvt. Ltd.
New Delhi Miami London